Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

AND BULLETIN;

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Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

THE MOTHER'S DECISION.

BY MRS. E. M. POMEROY.

There was a melancholy pledge,
A dark and bitter token,
Of joys which never could return—
Of hearts by sorrow broken!
They gazed upon the seal of wo,
With cold and stateless eyes,
And bosoms throbbing deep and wild
With speechless agony!

Is this the girl? Aye, is this all
A mother's heart could bring
For her own cherished, worship'd child—
Its proudest offering?
All—is it all?—a seal of wo—
A stern command to part!
Ah, mother, didst thou never weigh
The treasures of the heart?

Unhappy mother, wretched child,
Your days of joy are o'er;
Maternal pride and filial love
Can never mingle more!
That stern command, that dark decree,
Has seal'd her glossy fate;
And Calvary's holy voice of love,
Alone shall quell her hate.

Philadelphia, June 26th, 1833.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

THE RED SATCHEL.

In the olden days of my grandmother, dame fashion was not permitted to intrude on the hallowed precincts of Aaronsburg, without receiving from the venerable looking personages of the village a reprimand, and a scowling visage for her presumption. I well recollect the time when honest John O'Blarney, the Irish pedlar, stopped to exhibit his budget of tapes and bandannas to the young misses of Aaronsburg, when all the maxim observing matrons of the village prophecied, that if he were permitted to lodge in any of their tenements, their prospects would be blighted as if by mildew touch; and that it would be the forerunner of general contamination of principles, moral and religious. "Not," said they, "that we object so much to the personal appearance of the man, or his talkative-ness." For, barring a little limping, and somewhat of the brogue, John might have passed, among the countrymen of those days, for a weather wise and seed sowing sort of an agricultural, acceptable company for a neighbourhood of thrift-loving farmers.

But so great was the antipathy of the ancient matrons to the contents of his budget, that I am inclined to believe, that John would have been obliged to have marched even through a tempest, before admission could peaceably have been obtained in any family, whose girls were in their teens; or if admitted in consequence of their charitable demeanour, his imported furbelows, as they termed them, would have been kept in durance vile, under double locks, to prevent the contagious effluvia from operating on the visual organs and olfactories of the females of the then rising generation.

John palavered like a true son of Erin for the permission of just showing what John Bull had sent to the free country for their accommodation and good neighborhood; and indeed to take a look at them, he said, would be doing no harm at all. The good dames were actually proof against his imported lingo, muslins, and calico, and conjured their lords to hasten the departure of the outlandish merchantman, before their fascination of his vernacular might be complete.

Accordingly he decamped, and it is the time that his story has pilgrimmed the peddling sons of Erin, not to seek the aforesaid village in their crusade through the states. But as in the days of Solomon, there was a time for everything under the sun, so in process of his march happened it to the rustic simplicity of Aaronsburg. Old time moved on as usual, and the lads and lasses of the village were learning morality and contentment from the parson's school keeping and Sunday exhortations, till the agitation of an unsettled land claim, by the holders in old England, brought Timothy Fifa, Esq. and lawyer, into the village, to ascertain the why and wherefore he should or should not eject the present proprietors, and gain his fee, and raise his reputation for quirks and quibbles in every law-loving section of the confederation.

Timothy had an obscure relative near the village of Aaronsburg, whom he had not condescended to notice for many a long year since he graduated at Yale, and thinking it rather too bare-faced even for an attorney, to transact business so near the premises without calling upon his relations, Henry Mortimer, he ventured to renew the acquaintance of their youth, and introduced to the family his two daughters, who, till now, had never breathed the vulgar air of two hundred miles from their city residence. Of daughters, Mortimer had an equal number, and a son who was the pride of Eddington farm, and who welcomed with that kind of politeness, not frequently used at courts, which speaks the meaning of the heart, Timothy Fifa and Misses Amelia and Arabella Fifa to the hospitals and romantic scenery surrounding the village and the farm. The younger of the Fifas was a lovely girl of thirteen, who had not completed her education; and not expecting to find the well-stored library of Mortimer in the wilderness of their retreat, had brought a bright scarlet colored satchel of the finest silk, well lined with the latest novels, to amuse the tedious hours of gentility, till their return to fashionable communcatoness in the great city of New York. Fifa's eldest daughter was of the ripeness of love—admiring eighteen—when the city graces bloomed around her for the accomplishment of hymenial honours. Their genteel demeanour soon attracted the attention of Dr. Sprig, who had handled bones and sinews in the great city, while at the Medical School; and therefore, to him a New Yorker's company was like treading the same path over again. In process of time, gentility began to manifest its appearance in the arrangements of Eddington farm.

The homespun frocks of the girls, with their large pockets, virtues inherited from their great grandmother, must give place to the calico investiture of their city cousins; and the scarlet coloured satchel of Miss Arabella Fifa was converted into an indispensable reticule, of the modern vocabulary, to hold handkerchief and snuff boxes, for the improving, corset applying, and cultivating metamorphosis in the vicinity of Aaronsburg. When appearing at church, after the fashionable arrangement of all the articles of the new nomenclature, none attracted more conspicuously the attention of the rosy cheeked lasses of the village than the aforesaid red satchel, and wonder was straining her optics to discover to what purpose the Misses Mortimer would give it the honour of an application. It could not be, and they, to carry the contribution money, for a purse would be much more convenient for that. It can't be to carry their dinner in, for they are too charitable to old Mrs. Guyon, the gingercake baker, for that. They could not hit upon the meaning, till a convention of the old grand dames proposed voting the wearers into purgatory, for upsetting the understanding of the swains and sweet-hearts of the village by this untimely and unseemly exhibition of the scarlet colour. Why, said they, it is an insult to our old dominie, who prefers any thing black to that British colour of the Mortimers; and I dare say, that the wearers think more of king George than of the Whigs of this free country. The scarlet had entered the imaginations of the young, and none would be satisfied with the olden fare of their grandmothers; swain and sweetheart envied the splendid appearance of the tight-laced belles of Eddington farm, and were determined that as they could afford it as well as the best, scarlet should be the reigning colour of the lasses of Aaronsburg.

The satchel having attained pre-eminence merely for the sake of uniformity of personal pretensions, the use to which it might be applied was yet to be learned from the innovators on the wholesome rules of the village. The *Senatus Consultum*, after a session of three weeks in the village, adjourned to meet at Eddington farm, to know precisely what was ictended by this new fangled system of innovation on the venerable doings and usages of man and maid, in these regions of primordial simplicity. Here they learned that it would be very commodious to put fans, snuff boxes, combs, needle cushions, pin cases, knitting and netting of various kinds, and almost innumerable were the outlandish names which astounded the smoking group as they viewed the wonder-working scarlet. They soon discovered that plain linsey woolsey of the looms of Deidritch Knickerbocker's cousin, Stophel Vanderscriver, would not exactly correspond with the scarlet silk satchel, and it cost eighteen bushels of good wheat to furnish chintz calico and silk to match it, for one girl in the way of the Mortimers, for church going. This aroused the whole Sanhedrim of Aaronsburg, or Arrysburg as the venerable termed it, in the vernacular. *Dunder un blitzen*, said their magistrates, if you go on at this rate, in a few years the whole village and the country round will not bring its taxes, set up at sheriff's sale.

Derrick Slaughterdam was right. Snuff and tobacco formed already a proportion of the expenditure of the village, not the most desirable to the economical part of it; and this sweeping declaration was sufficient to induce the authoritative to desist from their extravagancies, and among others, Henry Mortimer was not the most backward in retracing the steps his relatives, the Fifas' expedition, had brought upon him. It was time his son and daughters had improved admirably in genteel life. He and the girls, accompanied by Dr. Sprig, had visited New York, to renew the red satchel acquaintance, and the daughters more than once ventured with a brace of young gentlemen to summer it with the Mortimers, and it was even whispered that Henry's son and Miss Arabella would, in time, make a happy match; and it had been insinuated that Dr. Sprig might be coupled with Miss Amelia. Things were going forward in this kind of style, when Henry understood that one of the two farms which he possessed, and intended for his son to aid in the matrimonial contract, must be mortgaged to balance the expenditure of his genteel children. Brought to his senses by this exhibit of his affairs, he resolved, with the energy which accomplishes whatever it undertakes, not to retain the gentility which had made such sad inroads on his purse, and immediately inventoried the rings, bracelets, tortoise shell, silver plates, sideboards, and all the paraphanelia of his imaginary elevation, not excepting the fashionable shape-makers of the ladies—busk, corset, and all. Oh! the lamentation of some of the lasses at this resource of Mortimer, but his firmness conquered. "Richard was himself again."

The younger daughter of Mortimer was the most happy of the children at this reformation. She had never approved of the glitter in which her father had arrayed the family, and therefore regretted less the gewgaws which the Misses Fifas had selected, to the exhaustion of their purses. Another event, too, showed that she did not entertain the most respectful consideration for her cousins, as they had undervalued her lover, he being a country school master. On the second visit of the Fifa's to Aaronsburg, Juliana Montimer introduced her lover to her city cousins, and having mentioned his avocation, the two young ladies expressed astonishment, that any of their relations would condescend to admit to companionship a person, who would follow an occupation so much beneath the genius and dignity of a gentleman; which produced the retort, that the Fifas father was a weaver, and that the greatest lawyer of which she had read was Sir Matthew Hale, who took to the bar from the high way, having robbed for a livelihood in his early years. She thought that the occupation of her lover was at least as honorable, though not so oppressive as that of the citizen lawyer.

The Misses Fifas, in reply, asserted that the schoolmaster was elevating the ideas of the people far too high for such drudges, and that it was immaterial whether they were educated or not; and that the pa had taught them to consider any who make pretensions to grammar and geography, etc., who were not either lawyers, doctors, or divines, as fops, and accordingly she should not be considered and treated.

"I pity your father," said Juliana, "for instructing you in sentiments so derogating from American ladies. Do you not know that in a free country, the people must be intelligent to preserve its freedom? If you know this, you must certainly know, that they cannot become intelligent without instructors: and if there be genius in language and literary pursuits, it follows, that he who communicates to the young tyro, in order to form the future lawyer, physician, or divine, must possess genius to render his instruction successful."

"I meant," said Miss Fifa, "that their employment was not estimated liberal, because their pecuniary compensation is small in proportion to the other professions; and money, you know, is the criterion of merit."

"That does not argue," replied Juliana, "that the most meritorious actions are the best rewarded; and I shall ever esteem mankind for their merit, leaving money matters to those who regard them more.

"But," answered Miss Fifa, "you should show some attention to family," &c.

"My lover's grandfather was a member of the American bar, and his father an officer of the revolution and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and he possesses sufficient republican taste to permit his son to instruct the rising generation, who are to become the future guardians of our country, when our fathers shall have mingled with the spirits of eternity." Then said Juliana, and she further remarked, "that the despots who oppose the education of the people will be viewed with but little gratitude by their successors, if, unfortunately, their attempts to arrest the progress of science be as operative as they desire."

The Fifas did not deign to answer, and Juliana viewed herself as having overcome the sophists, but concluded that prejudice would direct them to act as they were educated by their Yale taught father. The argumentation of Juliana came to believe that most of the new arrangements of Eddington farm were as unrepublican as the sentiments of Mr. Fifa's daughters, in relation to the people, and their principles were heartily detested.

Henry's son at length concluded, that unless Miss Fifa would consent to conform to the arrangements which his father had now persuaded him to be all important, why she must even content to be Miss Fifa to the conclusion of the subject.

It is owing to the determined air of the magistrate, and the republican simplicity and good sense of the inhabitants of Aaronsburg and its vicinity, that they still adhere to the moral lectures of the pastor, and that Mr. Mortimer still possesses an unincumbered inheritance—being one other farm, unmortgaged, besides Eddington farm.

REMARKER.

From the Casket.

THE CHINESE SON.

It is related of a certain Chinese, that after the death of his mother, whom he had loved with exceeding tenderness, he was for some time inconsolable. She had ever expressed great apprehension of thunder, and when it thundered requested her son not to leave her. Therefore, as soon as he observed a storm approaching, he hastened to her grave, saying softly, as though she could hear, "I am here, mother!"

I come to thee, my mother! the black sky
Is swollen with its thunder, and the air
Seems palpable with darkness, save when high
The bold lightning streams a ruddy glare
Across the heavens, running from their lair
The deep-voiced thunders. How the mounting storm
Strides o'er the firmament! Yet I can dare
Its fierce-of terrors, mother, that my arm
May wind its shield of love around thy sleeping form.

What uproar! raging winds and smiting hail,
The lightning's blaze, and deaf'ning thunder's crash,
Let loose at once for have! I should quail
Before the terror of the fucked flash,
Did not the thought of thee, triumphant dash
All selfish fears aside, and bid me fly
To kneel beside thy grave; the rain-drops plash
Heavily round thee, from the ruffled sky—
Yet I am here—fear not—beside thy couch I lie.

Thou canst not hear me! the storm brings not now
One terror to thy bosom—yet 'tis sweet
To call to mind the smile, wherewith thy brow
Was wont, in by-gone times, my lips to greet,
When o'er the earth the summer tempest beat,
And the loosed thunder shook the heavens; but when
Did ever word or glance of mine, not meet
A smile of love from thee? The world of men
A friend as thou hast been will never yield again.

Oh mother! mother! how could love like thine
Pass from the earth away? On other eyes
The glance of maternal fondness shine,
And still on other hearts the blessing lies,
That made mine blissful; yet far less they prize
That boon of happiness, and in their glee,
Around their spirits gather many ties
Of joy and tenderness; but all, to me,
That made the earth seem bright, is so pulchred with thee.

They sometimes strive to lure me to the halls,
Where wine and mirth the fleeting moments wing;
But on my clouded spirit, sadness falls
More darkly there, than where earth's caverns fling
Their gloom around me, and the night winds sing
Through the torn rocks their melancholy dirge:
Or when, as now, the echoing thunders ring
O'er the wide firmament, and mad gales urge
Into an answering cry, the overmastering surge.

The storms of nature pass, and soon no trace
Is left to mark their ravage; but long years
Pass lagteringly onward, nor efface
The deep cut channel of our burning tears,
Or aching scars that wasting sorrow sears
Upon the heart. Lo! even now, a gleam
Of moonlight through the broken clouds appears,
To bless the earth again. I fain would dream
It was a smile of thine, to bless me with its beam!

From the Book of Nature.

MEDUSA.

An intelligent physician of Philadelphia has furnished the best account of the *Medusæ*, an order of animated beings but rarely described. We copy his account, which will be found highly interesting and graphic.

Those who have sought relief from the summer heats at Long Branch or Cape May, have probably noticed, in their ramblings along the beach, certain gelatinous transparent masses deposited by the receding tide on the sands. They resemble very large plano-convex lenses, and are devoid of colour except in a few minute points, which appear like grains of yellow sand, or the eggs of some shells embedded in their substance. This has led many to consider them as the spawn of some marine animal.

If one of these jellies be placed in a tub of brine immediately after its arrival on the shore, the observer will be surprised to find it possessed of animation. The superior, or convex part, will expand like the top of an umbrella; and from its under surface several fringed and leaf-like tentacles will be developed. These, by separate and re-attach themselves at pleasure.

To the gregarious habits of this little mollusque, we owe a very singular and striking phenomena, which I have never seen noticed by naturalists, although we frequently meet with it near the Cape of Good Hope. The animals are occasionally found associated together in such countless myriads, that the sea is literally filled with them, sometimes over three or four square miles of surface, and to the depth of several fathoms. The yellow spots which have been described, being the only coloured portions of their body, give to the whole tract the appearance of a shoal, or sand-bank, at some distance below the surface. The description is heightened by the great annoyance they occasion, in these places, particularly in calm weather; for so closely are the animals crowded together, that the water is rendered in a manner less fluid; the smaller billows break around the margin and are lost, and the heavy waves of the Atlantic Ocean are somewhat opposed in their progress, and take on in a slight degree the usual appearance of the ground swell. There can be but little doubt that many of the numerous shoals laid down in the charts of this region, that have never been seen by any but the supposed discoverers, have been immense banks of these gregarious mollusca. In sailing through a tract of this description, in which the progress of the ship was very sensibly retarded, I have dipped up with the ship's bucket a greater bulk of animals than the water in which they were suspended. How wonderful are the effects produced by the minute looks of creation!

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

TO IMOGINE—A Fragment.

O, thou art bright and beautiful as aught on earth can be,
And doubly dear, fair Imogine, I feel thee art to me;
Thy young glad voice sounds joyously—I love its very tone—
Its rich melodious cadences are like to music's own.

Thy golden hair, laburnum like, falls o'er thy beauteous brow,
And hangs, in rich luxuriance, down the graceful neck of snow:
And there hast yet a beaming eye—a fair and rosy cheek—
Where light and crimson, on the soul, most eloquently speak;
Thy form is faultless, and thy face is beautifully fair—
An index of a perfect mind, more lasting and more rare.

OSCAR.

THE FIRST BLISS OF MATRIMONY.

The charming society, the tender friendship it affords. Without a friend, it is not for man to be happy. Let the old Maderia sparkle in his goblets, and princely dainties smoke upon his table, yet if he have to sit down with him no friend of the love-beaming eye, alas! the banquet is insipid, and the cottager's dinner of herbs where love is, is to be envied.

Let the pell-scraping bachelor drive on alone towards the fleeces in the valley; Lord help the poor man, and send him good speed! But that's not my way of traveling. Not give me a sociable, with a dear good angel by my side, the thrilling touch of whose sweetly folding arm may hold me into rapture, and inspire a devotion suited to the place; that best devotion, gratitude and love!

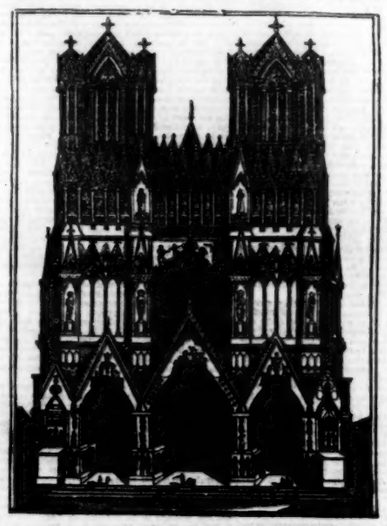
Yes, the sweetest drop in the cup of life is a friend; but where on earth is the friend that deserves to be compared with an affectionate wife! the generous creature, who, for your sake, has left father and mother—looks to you alone for happiness—wishes in your society to spend her cheerful days—in your beloved arms to draw her latest breath—and fondly thinks the slumber of the grave will be sweeter when lying by your side! The marriage of two such fond hearts, in one united, forms a state of friendship of all others the most entire and delightful. The marriage of souls, of persons, of wishes, and of interests.

Are you poor? like another self she toils and saves the better of your fortune. Are you sick? she is the tenderest of all nurses; she never leaves your bed-side; she sustains your fainting head, and strains your feverish cheeks to her dear and anxious bosom. How luxurious is sickness with such a companion!

Are you prosperous? It multiplies your blessings ten thousand fold, to share them with one so beloved. Are you in her company?—Her very presence has the effect of the sweetest conversation, and her looks, though silent, convey a something to the heart, of which none but happy husbands have any idea. Are you going abroad? She accompanies you to the door—the tender embrace—the fond, lengthened kiss—the last soul melting look—precious evidences of love!—these go along with you—they steal across your delighted memory, soothing your journey—while dear, conjugal love, gives a transport to every glance at home, and sweetens every nimble step of your glad return. There, soon as your beloved form is seen, she flies to meet you. Her voice is music—the pressure of her arms is rapture, while her eyes, Heaven's sweetest messengers of love! declare the tumultuous joy that heaves her generous bosom. Arm in arm she hurries you into the smiling habitation where the fire blazing, and the vestment warm, the neat apartment and delicious repast, prepared by her eager love, fill your bosom with a joy too big for utterance.

Compared with a life like this, merciful God! how disconsolate is the condition of the old Bachelor! How barren of all joy! Solitary and so unfortlesss at home, he strolls abroad into company. Meeting with no tenderness nor affection to sweeten company, he soon tires, and with a sigh gets up to go home again. Poor man! his eyes are upon the ground, and his steps are slow; for, alas! home has no attractions. He sees nothing there but gloomy walls and lonesome chambers. Alone he swallows his silent supper—he crawls to his bed, and trembling, coils himself up in cold sheets, sadly remembering, with tomorrow's joyless sun the same dull round begins again.

CATHEDRAL AT RHEIMS.



Rheims is one of the most ancient cities in France, and in this Cathedral the coronation of its kings has been celebrated for upwards of thirteen centuries. Of the public buildings, the Cathedral is by far the most remarkable, and is an object of admiration to all travellers. This noble structure, of which our engraving presents a very fine view, is an immense gothic pile, erected in the twelfth century, and is one of the finest specimens of that order of architecture in France. The grand entrance is a most elaborate and beautiful specimen of art. Charles X. the dethroned king of France, was crowned at the Cathedral in May, 1825. As the former crown with which so many of the French kings were adorned, was destroyed at the revolution, a new crown was made for Charles X. This splendid bauble is valued at eighteen and a half million of francs, or about three and a half millions of dollars—and forcibly illustrates the improvidence and thoughtlessness of the man whose extravagancies of a political character finally deprived him of his throne. At the ceremony of the coronation, the king was led to the door of his apartment, which communicated with the Cathedral, accompanied by the Dauphin, the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, the great officers of the crown, the officers of the household, and others having functions to perform in the ceremony, with the principal chapter of the Cathedral, who knocked at the door. Prince Talleyrand, the high chamberlain, said in a loud voice, "What is it you desire?" The Cardinal answered, "Charles X. whom God has given us for our king." The doors were then opened by his majesty's porters, and the two cardinals approached the king and saluted him. The cardinal presented the holy water to him, and repeated a prayer. The king was then conducted to the foot of the altar, where he knelt down. The Archbishop of Rheims now produced the holy phial, drew forth a globule of the ointment, mixed it with a little consecrated oil, and after the king's garment had been opened for the purpose, the Archbishop anointed him in the form of a cross, on the crown of the head, saying—"With this hallowed oil I anoint thee king, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." He was then anointed on the stomach, between the shoulders, on the right arm, on the left shoulder, on the bends and joints of the right arm, and the same on the left arm. The royal robes were then put on the king, prayers were said, a ring placed on the king's finger, and the sceptre in his hand; the Archbishop then took the crown of Charlemagne, and placed it above the king's head, without touching—the princes put their hands to it to support it. Afterwards he placed the crown on the king's head. The ceremony of the coronation being finished, the king was conducted to the throne. A general obeisance took place, the doors were thrown open, and the people entered in crowds to behold their monarch on his throne, in all the pomp of royalty—the bells rung, and the cannon resounded with shouts of "Long live the King!"

ORIGINAL.

TO FERNANDO.

Fernando, there was once a time
When love was warm in thee.
And when you never wrote a rhyme,
But 'twas addressed to me;
But now, Fernando, love is cold,
Thy muse hath ceased to sing,
No tender tales of love are told,
Because by fancy's wing.

And once, within my wondrous heart,
When all around me slept,
At midnight's lone and silent hour,
I heard thy mellow flute.
Yes, softer than the zephyr's sigh,
Or than the streamlet's voice;
And at its sound the wind would lie,
Or hush its howling noise.

And once, Fernando, when I'd sigh
Thy heart responded too;
And when I'd smile how quick thine eye
Would flash with sparkling hue;
But now I sigh and feel the pain
O'ustold silent grief;
But oh! no sympathy again
Comes to my heart's relief.

Fernando, canst thou e'er forget
Her plighted love to thee,
Who still is true and loves thee yet,
Though she forsaken be.
Canst thou be false? 'tis hard, indeed,
To say thou wouldst deceive,
'Twould make a heart of stone to bleed,
And one of iron grieve.

Thou one, so fair and gentle too,
In blooming years of youth,
A promise ever should break through,
And leap the bounds of truth.
Fernando, go where you will,
Perhaps ne'er think of me,
Yet I will love thee truly still,
And love none else but thee.

ELVIRA.

BAVARIA.

From a recent work called "The Tyrol," by Mr. Inglis, author of "Spain in 1830," published in London, we copy the following little sketch of youthful amusements. The author draws a favourable picture of the paternal rule of the king, the flourishing state of his small kingdom, and the general happiness of the people, which might be a generous creature, who, for your sake, has left father and mother—looks to you alone for happiness—wishes in your society to spend her cheerful days—in your beloved arms to draw her latest breath—and fondly thinks the slumber of the grave will be sweeter when lying by your side! The marriage of two such fond hearts, in one united, forms a state of friendship of all others the most entire and delightful. The marriage of souls, of persons, of wishes, and of interests.

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From the Cook book.

SONG—By Mrs. Jane E. Locke.

I smile upon the world, love,
Because they smile on me;
And not because I feel, love,
That I feel with thee.

The world is made of smiles, love,
They have no tears for thee,
And smiles are often heartless, love,
Too heartless, aye, for me.

Yet smiles have language sweet, love,
When breathed from you to me:
But tears have language powerful, love,
More powerful far, for thee.

Oh, then kindly raise, love,
The tears that fall from me;
The smiles that tell the treasure, love,
My heart has stored for thee.

My tears, my sighs, my smiles, love,
That feeling drawn from me:
The heart's most pure, true language, love,
Shall ever move to thee.

ALEXANDER SCOTT.

The following little circumstance, the particulars of which I received from one of the parties engaged, will possibly amuse for the moment, and at the same time illustrate the humanity and noble disinterestedness of our late lamented hero Decatur, and form an interesting and true incident of one of the scenes during the late war.

It was when the English Fleet lay off New London, among which were the Ramilies, Majestic, La Hogue, Bulwark, &c. &c. that a boat's crew belonging to the first ship, formed the resolute determination of freeing themselves from that oppressive yoke which galled so many noble necks, and forced them to raise their arms against those, whom their hearts readily acknowledged as brothers and friends, but which a cruel and unjust policy forced them to oppose as enemies.

Amongst those who were most obnoxious to this boat's crew, for his tyranny and cruelty, was a Master's Mate, by the name of Briley, and it so happened that this officer was ordered to take charge of the boat to row guard, the day formed by those men to effect their emancipation. They had previous to this circumstance settled every thing, and strange as it may appear, depended upon a boy of fifteen years of age, to conquer this formidable tyrant. Their hearts dilated with hope and anticipations of the most sanguine nature when they reflected, that a few short hours would place them upon the land of liberty. For to go, says my informant, we were resolved, be the consequence what it might—aye, even to the death itself.

There were six rowers belonging to the boat, and the lad Alexander Scott, who acted as coxswain. It was settled that the man who pulled the after oar, by name Benjamin Baker, (since a gunner's mate in our service) was to give the signal when little Scott was to show his mettle and free himself and boatmates from the British yoke.

At length the hour arrived. The Boatswain's Mate's shrill pipe and "array there, black cutter's array," sounded through the atmosphere on a clear October evening, and each man belonging to the boat again felicitated themselves upon their near approach to liberty, at the same time watching the boy's movements, to observe if he betrayed signs of reluctance or dismay at this critical juncture, but nothing of the kind was seen. They tossed their oars. Little Alexander with a silver star in the front of his hat to denote his station—jumped nimbly into the stern sheets—seated himself—the word was given—"let fall, give way," and immediately the boat began to leave the Ramilies astern. They pulled on for some time in utter silence, the lad's eye fixed upon Briley's watch, and the men's ears "listening," that the distance between them and the ship might be the greater, and the chance of escape in their favor. At length the moment arrived, the sign was given, the boy gently drew the pistol from the coxswain's breast, and placed it immediately behind the officer, held it over his head—"shall I!" exclaimed Alexander (in his anxiety, probably, too, some feelings of remorse touched his heart at the thoughts of the officers death.) The signal was not repeated, and all the force he could collect, he struck Briley over the head,—who being in a dose had not attended to the boy's exclamation—he started instantly from his seat—staggered—Baker closed with and threw him—and another knocked the tiller left them masters of the boat. They resumed their stations and made for the land and in a very little time were all safe on shore at Gales' Ferry—having first secured their arms, a cutlass and pist each, they turned the boat adrift, in which remained the dead body, or apparently so, unfortunate Master's Mate.

They made for the first house they di which proved to be Gales' Ferry. covered, met at the door by an American and were seeing the men armed, and havi diddy, who, spects too evidently at the paid his retired in disorder, exclai of Bacchus, demen. New Lon the British are at ...ver, on appearing (who ...ent at dinner) an explanation took place; w the sot bloodshed, and ...n a plentiful repast, received the congratulati of their new friends, ... retired to rest half seas over.

On the following morn ...ng an officer conducted the black cutter's crew on board the Frigate United States, Commo ...ore Stephen Decatur. My informer states, the ...t although now in the place they had risked so much for, they felt some what aback, surrounded by strangers requiring explanation which they did not feel inclined to give. Nine o'clock arrived—the Guard was turned out, the side pipe al, and the Commodore advanced towards the captain—where he remained in conversation with the officers. The cutter's crew feeling di...tion and like rise know ...ing the necessity of an interview and explana...n, were at a stand how to act, when little Sc... stepped forward and said he would speak to the Commodore.

The boy advanced t... the mainmast, where uncovered he remained standing at length the Commodore turned, lo... ked at him, spoke to an officer, who bowed and with that placed expression of countenance for which he was celebrated, beckoned the bo... to advance. Making his best bow, he obeyed.

"What's your name, ...?"

"Alexander Scott, si..."

"What induced you t... lad?"

"Ill usage, Sir,—besid... es, it is not my country's flag. I am a Scot... human."

The commodore eyed h... im for a moment, then added, "did you kill your ... Sir, although Johnson pointing to one of the officers, ...this time advanced)—"

"How so?"

"Because the man said he was a blockhead."

"You are a wag I see and a young one too," said the Commodore laughing.

Alexander seized this mome... nt of saying, "you will not give me up, sir."

"Give up!—no—you a re a brave little fellow." Then turning to the re t of the men, he added, "my lads, so long as that flag waves o'er my head, you shall receive its protection. You should have retained the boat,—common humanity would have dictated this—but I hope I trust the unfortunate man yet lives. No more, at present (observing one of the men about to speak) I know how to make a allowances for your feelings, placed in the situation you were—go forward, I will see you again to-morrow." He now called the boy aside, inte rrogated him respecting the situation of the fleet—the size of their guns—their method of watching, &c. and finding his answers to correspond with his own notes, put such implicit confidence in his relations, that three nights after, in a heavy snow storm, the U. S. Sloop of war Hornet run the gauntlet, and passed clear through the enemy's fleet.

The day after the event occurred, a flag of truce was received from Commodore Hardy to Decatur. He demanded the men and offered an exchange of 5 to 1 for the black cutter's crew, but Decatur told the officer, that to give up men who claimed the protection of the American flag, was more than his commission was worth, and in short, as he believed the greater part were Americans, he would protect, but he would not exchange them, were they to offer 50 for 1.

It is only necessary to state, that Decatur furnished these men with money and a passport for New York, using them with great humanity. They wished to enter on board the United States. This he would not permit on their own account. Alexander he attempted to keep by him, but the boy insisted upon following his shipmates—and he did so.

From this time I lost sight of the boy, but no doubt he acted a pretty conspicuous part during the war, as he entered the service.

The present year, I accidentally learned that Alexander Scott was the Boatswain of one of our finest Sloops of war, upon the West India Station.

A virtuous mind in a fair body, is indeed a fine picture in a good light, and therefore it is no wonder that it makes the beautiful appear all over charms.—*Addison.*

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

LONDON POLICE, May 8.

Lucrative as Notoriety.—Mary Smith, a ragged young outcast, who, though hardly able to peep over the bar, was known to the police as a frequenter of the worst dens in Shoreditch, was charged by William Ewer, an industrious cobbler and ginger beer seller, with having stolen a bottle of "ginger pop" from his stall.

The prisoner, well known in the neighborhood of his place, is endowed with "young promise," that he found it utterly impossible to turn her honest penny by his ginger "pop," for the press boys off the board for an account he knew to discover that a bottle or two had suddenly vanished. While he was busily employed on Monday last, he happened to cast his eyes where the ginger pop stood, when he was very much surprised to see a bottle move off the board, without any person apparently being within sight. Upon looking out at the door the mystery was explained, for there he saw the youthful delinquent making a rapid retreat on all fours, with the ginger pop (the cork of which had flown out) dangling out of his breeches-pocket. After a smart chase he overtook her, and then proceeded to examine the contents of his pocket, which was bundled round him. The lad to the discovery, that the young prisoner had been on a most successful foraging for a dinner. He had a delicate piece of pork, a cocoanut, half a pound of part of a loaf, and a quantity of China beads, all of which, he admitted was the result of his morning labours.

The boy having already been remanded for a week, Mr. Dyer, upon learning that his parents were quite unable to keep him from the streets, ordered that he should be detained until some arrangement was made with the parish to which he belonged.

When removed to the lock-up room he amused himself by going vent to a poetical inspiration in the following admonitory ditties, which he scrawled on the wall:

"Thus as pigs wot isn't his's
Won ho's cotched vil go to prisn."

MORAL HARDENING.—Lately there was repairing in France a building which for several years had been threatening to fall in ruins. What had been feared, happened. At the moment when the last stones were at work on the arched roof, the building fell in. A beam, suspended over the place below mortared two men, but this beam already inclined in a frightful manner, under the weight of the two workmen. One only could remain there: one or both must perish. The one was quite young, the other in the vigor of manhood. At the recollection of his children, the young man trembled, the remains of the cross hanging with, but in vain, on the beam kept inclining more and more. All at once there blow heard this dialogue: "Peter, I have a wife and three young children." Peter replied, "You are right;" and let go his hold.

England and Wales feed 26,000,000 of stock, each of which yields a fleece of four pounds weight, or 144,000,000 pounds, which, at one shilling a pound, is worth £7,200,000. These manufactures produce £30,000,000, leaving a profit of £12,000,000 per annum to the various manufacturers.

EARL DUDLEY possessed in a great degree an unpleasant peculiarity—that of thinking aloud. On one occasion he was driving his cabriolet across Grosvenor Square to his house in Park Lane, when he overtook an acquaintance, Mr. Luttrel, we believe. It was raining rather sharply, and his Lordship good naturedly invited the pedestrian to ride. They drove along until they had nearly arrived at Lord Dudley's mansion, where L. having given no hint of wishing to alight, the Earl unconsciously exclaimed aloud, what many would have thought under similar circumstances—the horror of his fashionable companion, "Damn this fellow, I suppose I must ask him to dine with me."—*Month Mag.*

LONDON BEGGARY.—The number of vagrants beggars now in London is supposed to exceed 40,000. The number of paupers relieved in London in one year was 116,416. The money raised by the poor rates was $1,016,000,66; being 13 $1-4 sterling per head on the population.

PARLIAMENTARY ORATORY.—"Sir," continued Mr. Jones, "I will not waste the inestimable valuable time of the house, (a general cry of hear) by any observations of an irregular tendency, but will at once proceed to the subject of the debate, the diabolical, the fiendish, the damning slave trade. (Hear, and laugh.) Can he who tortures his fellow creature be ranked among mankind? He may wear the form of a man, but his *mind*, sir, I shall ever consider a fiend. (A laugh, and another cough.) The conduct of him who beats his slave, beats my thing. (Question, question.) Gentlemen may cry question, but I will answer. I will neither be uncourteously taken up, or rudely put down, by any of you.

LARGE GUNS.—The largest guns ever fired are the Turkish cannon at the Dardanelles, the diameter of one of which is two feet three inches, and a stone shot from which struck the Windsor Castle, of 36 guns, and shot it in two, entering at one side of the chimney, cracked her two decks into one. Our young midshipmen used to crawl into these guns on their hands and knees. A gun almost as large was found at Algiers, but the largest shot of any sort ever fired by man was that from the new mortar used by the Europeans at Sebastopol. The shell was two feet in diameter, French measurement, when empty, 916 pounds. It contained, and weighed, when the total weight was stated 99 pounds of powder. The mortar from which it consequently 1,015 pounds, and the gunpowder 2,700 pounds, and the gunpowder 1,000 pounds. Such are the really prodigious. We must add that, when the Dardanelles one Turkish shot struck the bow of that magnificent first-rate ship the Royal George, and wonderful to relate, did one shot nearly sink her. According to the Boston Post, the ordnance of the Turkish shot was 1,500 pounds, and the charge of gunpowder 330 pounds.

The young Prince Baccichi, who was lately killed at Rome, was to marry the daughter of the Duchess of Baden, who has a dowry of four millions. Madame Letitia intended to grant an equal, if not a larger sum, to her grandson.

FIRST SPEECH OF OBATOR O'BITTER'EAR, in the Dublin Debating Club, on the question, "whether poverty or riches tend most to the exaltation of the human character."

I shall proceed, Mr. President, to compare riches to poverty in such a way, as you will see there is no comparison at all.

The man possessed of heavy, Mr. President cannot eat a single hat! unless he's surrounded all around with the luxurant and exotic production of both atmospheres. Is not the rich chimney cap, which he so luxuriously raises to his cold palate, superior to that, I appeal to you, brought from the deserts of Arabia? Is not the *fingrant* and *dlicious* tobacco brought from the undiscovered regions of Chili, which there is there, the highest mountain in the world? Is not the luxurious sofa, on which he declines his m'agre and emaciated form, made of the mahogany of Hispaniola from the shores of Hindostan, and the cedars of Lebanon from the Indian Parmasses, and with the richest and most municipal oriental silks, from the East Indies, abroad?

The man possessed of poverty, Mr. President, declines his expectations on the high pinnacle of bliss.—Happiness, Mr. President, is like a crow, seated on the summit of a distant mounts in, which the eager sparrow, many endeavors, to no purpose, to emulate in its flights at the crow. Mr. President, and the crow looks at him, but the moment he endeavors to reproach it, he banishes away like the schematic tints of the rainbow, which it was the natural and immortal Newton, that first envel-ped and deplored the cause of it.

Sometimes seated beneath the shady shadow of an umbrageous tree, he calls about him his wife and the rest of his children. The points out to them the dark and tremendous lightning, the bear, the boar, the awful meteors and thunders of Russia, and many other bright constellations and fixed stars which perpetually revolve upon the axle-tree of the creolean firmament above.

Here he instills into their youthful minds useful lessons to guard their juvenile youth from vice and immortality and exhort them to perspire to endless felicity.

At Bremen there is a wine cellar, called the store, where it is said five hogsheads of Rhenish wine had been preserved since the year 1525. These five hogsheads cost 1,000 francs; and this sum been put out to compound interest, each hogshead would now be worth about a thousand millions of money; a butt of the precious wine would cost 21,799,680 francs; and a single wine glass, 5,745,898 francs.

A USEFUL HINT.—Among the petitions lately presented to the French Chamber of Deputies was one from a Dr. Beaux, who wished to have a newspaper established for the special purpose of publishing the names of debtors who do not pay their creditors, and particularly patients who, after being cured, forget to pay medical advisers.

A foreign journal relates the following strange story, at the same time vouching for its authenticity—"A short time ago, the King of Naples requested the young Queen (a daughter of the late King of Sardinia) to set down to the piano, at a musical Court soiree. The Queen at first declined, but at the King's urgent solicitation, she at length consented. Just as she was about to seat herself at the instrument, the King drew back her chair, and the Queen fell. On rising, she reproached his majesty for this ill-mannered joke, observing that she thought she had married a king, but that she had only married a buffoon. The King's *facetia* was conveyed in two smart *ejectments*. In consequence of this unusual misunderstanding, an exchange of couriers has taken place between the Courts of Naples and Sardinia. The result has not yet transpired."

ROME.—No city in the world has suffered or enjoyed such successive depressions and triumphs, as the immortal City, the Mistress of the universe. We gather the amount of population of Rome, from the foreign Quarterly Review. In the year 1198, under the Innocent 3, the population was only 35,000. When the Pope removed, the population sunk to 17,000. In 1777 when the Papal see returned to Rome, it contained 60,000. About the year 1600 it numbered 130,000. In 1790 it was 164,366. In 1800 the population was 152,000. In 1805 it was only 136,000, an immense diminution of 20,000, or one ninth, in about 10 years. The present population is about 150,666.

Nothing could be more touchingly beautiful than the answer of a little deaf and dumb boy, in the London Asylum, to the question, "Why God had blessed others with the faculties of speech and hearing, and deprived him of them?" He burst into tears and wrote, "Even so, father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

The Committee of the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, met in council in this city, appointed to examine into the case of

Rev. Ephraim K. Avery,

member of said Conference, on a charge, for which he has been recently tried and acquitted in the Supreme Court of the State of Rhode Island, of the murder of Sarah M. Cornell, on the 20th of December last, beg leave to

REPORT:

That they have taken that subject under their most serious and careful consideration, and have unanimously decided that the said Ephraim K. Avery is perfectly innocent of the death of the said Sarah M. Cornell, and that the charge thus imposed upon him, which has been so widely circulated as a motive of the alleged murder.

In conducting course of inquiries, and investigations, it would be sufficient to state the result and dismiss the subject. But the case before us, is one of so extraordinary character, has excited such an unhealthy attention, and involves in it interests of such high moment, we can hardly feel that our duty is discharged to the accused, or to the church with which we are connected, without giving a brief statement of the grounds of this decision. While the investigation was pending, and the subject was in the hands of the Rhode Island Conference, and before the acquittal of the accused, it became so in a church in remote about. And it is due to the Presiding Elder of the District, and to the Conference of which he is the presiding officer, and the church was convened, as a co to the officers of our church periodicals, to say, that, while there have been the usual palpable misrepresentations of the transpiring reports, but also in the public journals of the day, current the accused, nothing has been done by the church or its officers to prejudge the case. Very little effort has been made indeed to discover the facts which of the most flagrant and injurious perversions, with which the public mind has been filled. Will only that kind of Christian and friendly aid, which was absolutely necessary to give an accused brother a chance for a fair trial and an impartial decision, the church has awaited, just without the slightest attitude it is true, but with an earnest desire that justice should be done, the result of this investigation. That he acquitted is closed; and the opinion of the Court, we have been entered upon the record of justice. The, however, does not necessarily settle the case in the church, in which the accused is a member. The church is a tribunal, which will secure the life of the accused, but also an ecclesiastical tribunal may find cause of church censure, and even expulsion from membership.

If the example, in the case before us, though there should not be sufficient evidence to sustain the charge of murder, yet should the fact of an illicit intercourse with Mrs. Cornell be sufficient to cast a shade of suspicion on the part of the accused. It would be difficult, perhaps, to find a case in the annals of criminal jurisprudence, especially in an ecclesiastical tribunal, where a prosecution against an individual of an political public standing, has been sustained by so much perversion, and so much with such enthusiasm and such effort, and so much zeal. The rules of evidence were, to say the least, most liberally construed, so that a wide range was taken in the admission of testimony. To illustrate this point, we need only advert to the fact, that about two hundred and thirty-nine witnesses were examined, and many of them repeatedly during the trial. Yet, with all the attention expected from the stand, whether he was drawn there by the counsel and their assistants, or came a volunteer from the mass of an excited community. Where every mind was on the alert, and every eye and ear was open, every man, woman, and child, that had any possible knowledge of a possible circumstance, would be drawn forth. Under such an influence, a so strengthened and magnified an every thing must be by mutual excitement, shadows become embodied into substantial form, dreams are often held into realities, and vague impressions become known and vivid conceptions. That this was the case in this trial must appear evident, it is believed, to every unprejudiced person who will examine the testimony of the witnesses, and especially who will take the trouble to compare many of the testimonies given at the late trial, with those of the same persons at the former court of inquiry, in Bristol. Contrary to the known laws of memory, what was at first remembered positively, and as mere conjecture, became in the space of time, positive testimony. And yet this is in perfect accordance with known intellectual phenomena, in all cases of popular excitement and prejudice. But with all the array of testimony, with scores of impressions and numbers of anonymous papers, to the very focus almost of the excitement, we have yet to hear the crime, with a prior of whom at least, had, by their own acknowledgment, a hand unforeseen to the prisoner, a verdict of acquittal was obtained. What her truth and conscience could pass through such an ordeal, with such a result?

It may be asked, however, whether the accused may not be guilty in some of the circumstances connected with this transaction, and developed in the course of this investigation, to an extent which, though not amounting to the guilt of the crime charged upon him, yet the criminal prosecution, may notwithstanding, stain his Christian and ministerial character? In reply, the Committee find, that no proof to the chief errors in this tragic affair, the death of the wretched female—there are no different shades of guilt pretended, not even by the accusers themselves. It is either murder in its blackest aspect, or it is innocent. With respect to the preceding circumstances, which were alleged as leading to the murder, the Committee find in the case of the criminal prosecution, that the evidence adduced in this case, to fasten even a suspicion of murder upon such a man, under such circumstances, it was found inadequate. Of course, to trace it to any possible connection, and in this, there was testimony showing in its final conveying of letters and sayings of the deceased, and those in some degree corroborated by her confession, to excite suspicion of a criminal intimacy, between her and the accused. Indeed, but for this supposed intimacy, the prosecution for murder would not have had the slightest foundation. The Committee are of opinion that no person, not even those who have been the most zealous and sanguine in this prosecution, will pretend that there is any proof of guilt, in the accused, of the crime alleged, save on the supposition of previous criminal intimacy. Though the accused may justly be judged guilty of the lesser, without being guilty of the death of the deceased, yet no one will believe, that he committed the murder, if he had no unholy and criminal intercourse with the deceased. It was on this account that the latter subject was fully and thoroughly canvassed in the trial. To this point, your Committee have felt bound to direct their surplus attention, not only as being the hinge on which all the subsequent transactions and collateral circumstances are suspended, but also in the belief that it would be the vital cause, connected in the ministerial standing of the accused.

Is Ephraim K. Avery guilty of criminal intimacy with Sarah M. Cornell? In attempting to answer this question, the Committee have found that the only testimony against him is that of the deceased. For although some might suppose that the circumstances of the death, the time of Mr. Avery's absence on the evening of her death, give probable ay to the testimony, yet the Committee can see no such tendency, in the circumstances, to fasten any suspicion, which attempts to prove a man guilty of one crime, by assuming that he is guilty of another, and then that he is evidently guilty of the latter crime, because he is supposed to be guilty of the former. If either question is proved, it will throw light upon the other; but the subsequent circumstances of the case are not consistent with either.

The remaining part of this proposition, is, that the Committee but little delay. The great difficulty in the case seems to be, that the accused cannot satisfactorily account for his time, on the afternoon and evening of the alleged murder. Could he do this, of course it would be perfectly satisfactory to all parties. But this the accused is more obliged to do, than any other man, in

THE MARKETS.

Carefully corrected for this paper.
WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

FLOUR, per bbl from wagons,	$5 25
do. do. do.	5 75
MEAL, per bushel,	1 10
do.	90
do.	80
CORN,	[illegible]
CLOVER SEED, per bushel,	[illegible]
TIMOTHY SEED, do.	[illegible]
FLAX SEED, do.	[illegible]
BEEF, Good, do.	6 50
PORK, do.	6 50
BACON, do.	6 50
HAY, per ton, in bulk,	90
STRAW, do. do.	50
BUTTER, per lb.	12
CHEESE, per do.	12
FLAX, Ground, per bushel,	90
Do. Rough, per do.	90
WOOL, per lb. Washed,	31
WOOL, per lb. Unwashed,	25
WOOL, per lb. Mixed,	25
WOOL, per lb. Tub Washed,	31
WOOL, per lb. Pulled,	31
WOOL, per lb. Spanish Fine,	25
WOOL, per lb. Spanish Common,	20
WOOL, per lb. Spanish Mixed,	25
WOOL, per lb. Superfine,	25
WOOL, per lb. Fine,	25
WOOL, per lb. Common,	20
WOOL, per lb. Mixed,	25
WOOL, per lb. Washed Fine,	31
WOOL, per lb. Washed Common,	25
WOOL, per lb. Washed Mixed,	28
WOOL, per lb. Unwashed Fine,	25
WOOL, per lb. Unwashed Common,	20
WOOL, per lb. Unwashed Mixed,	25
WOOL, per lb. Pulled Lambs,	37
WOOL, per lb. Pulled Superfine,	37
WOOL, per lb. Pulled Fine,	31
WOOL, per lb. Pulled Common,	25
WOOL, per lb. Pulled Mixed,	31
WOOL, per lb. Pulled Tub Washed,	37
WOOL, per lb. Pulled Skins,	25
WOOL, per lb. Pulled Superfine,	25
WOOL, per lb. Pulled Fine,	25
WOOL, per lb. Pulled Common,	20
WOOL, per lb. Pulled Mixed,	25
WOOL, per lb. Pulled Tub Washed,	31

Hasten then, ye [illegible] with these
Just and [illegible] strictures,
Your wonderful curve divisions,
Your laughter, holding both his sides.

An aged correspondent, who desires to contribute his mite towards the amusement of our readers, sends us a number of puzzling effusions, with that object. Not to dissilage him we publish the following, variation, as received:—

ON FOUR LITTLE SISTERS

While betsy and nancy are pleasing their fancy,
Little Jane and Margaret seem not to regard it,
In which is the precious, of the twain,
Betsy and Nancy, or Margaret and Jane?
But here is another, their sweet little brother,
It is little Hugh, that fine little boy,
Comes trying among us with smiling and joy.
The following lines appeared on reading Milton on murderous Cain.
As soon as Cain had killed his brother,
He cursed his father and his mother,
He cursed the hour that gave him birth,
Then the heavens and the earth,
Earth and hell to common level,
Rounded too and cursed the devil.
Hitherto the devil had made him frisky,
By plying him with two much whisky.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

QUESTIONS FOR SOLUTION.

Suppose we have two violin strings, the tension of which is equal; one is an ut, and the other vibrating in its utmost capacity. How much more power does the one in motion exert on the violin than the other?
EUCLID.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

A CHARADE.

I am a word of 10 letters; pray tell me my name.
My 3d, 5th, and 1st is a carpenter's tool. My 7th, 8th and 6th is a kind of ardent spirits. My 1st, 5th, 6th and 7th, is that which belongs to birds. My 6th, 2d and 9th, is an article of dress. My 8th, 9th and 6th, is a kind of metal. My 2d, 4th, 5th and 6th, is that which belongs to the human body. My 3d, 5th, 6th and 7th, is that which most of us like to hear a person do. My 6th, 9th and 5th, is that which is very unpleasant in July and August. My 3d, 5th and 9th, is that which we all do. My 3d, 9th, 10th and 7th, is what most of us like to hear. My 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th 5th, 6th and 7th, is that which we cannot do without. And my whole is the name of an illustrious man. A solution is requested.

THE UNDECLARED.

I never told thy love, dear girl,
Was more than millions to me;
Never did thy beauty, and it glows
Could stir my pulse throughout;
I never felt thy lips, when
Thrilled like "Patrolyn" on my ear;
Or back love's long swell fountains gush
With gloisome of hope, or joy, or fear.

I never said, thy winning words
Of kindness, love, or sympathy,
Came to my dingy hearth, and made
Like dews to desert Arabs;
I never said each wavy tress
That curled to kiss thy forehead fair,
Gave my longing fingers a bless
As dashed love's summer lightnings there!

I told thee not how prized thy cheek,
Whose wealth of thought blushed dawning through,
How loved those eyes' dear answering glance,
That half unveiled thy soul to view;
I told thee not thy kindling kiss,
Could thrill my frame to ecstacy!
Dear girl, I never *told thee this*,
For I could never "LIK TO THIS."

NEW MODE OF EXTRACTING TEETH.—If your teeth is troublesome and defective, fill the cavity with a few grains of the finest glazed gunpowder—then cover it with a percussion cap, made to fit—punch your teeth furiously together, and it will explode, leaving not a wreck behind. If the operation is properly performed, it is easy and produces but trifling inconvenience; and what is remarkable, if the patient sneezes at the right moment, the fragments will all *fly out of the mouth!*
Lowell Journal.

AN APPEAL FACT.—A man down Jeffley, talking of the unnatural wives he knew, said he had been married, was—led by a person present, "How many wives have you had, Jim?" "Why, I believe four or five," said he, beginning to count the n over. "There was Polly and Peggy, Sally and Dorothy;" and here he made a kind of hitch, during which intermission a neighbour present said, "there's another, Molly." The man or many wives clapped his forehead, and musing for moments, said in a tone intimable, "Well, I believe it is some; I think I have had one wife with such a name, but it seems all like a dream. (A pause.) Yes, you're right! I do remember now, she was a poor sickly thing, and didn't live more than a month. Strange, very strange that I should forget Molly; but it's quite natural: so many things happen in one's life that it is plaguey hard to keep an account of 'em all, and I hain't got no Bible at home to put down the marriages in, or, cause I sold it when my last wife died, with the rest of the household and kitchen furniture."

EXPOSURE.—Some dozen years since a gentleman in Essex county hearing a racket in his cellar, in the evening, went down, and detected a man in the act of searching his store of eatables, with the felonious intent of "on cord" of his bottled wine. The man, as the offender was wretchedly poor, the good man hunted his pork tub intending to make him a present of a sodding, and dismiss him. But the search was fruitless—one was not golf enough in the barrel to afford the consolation of a Hebrew. Disappointed in his first generous intentions he bethought him of giving the thief good advice, and commencing down, he spoke as follows: "Now, mind and remember John, if I catch you here again, I'll expose you!" "If you do Parson M," said the rogue, "I'll expose you!" "Expose me?—Yes, for having no pork in your larder!"—*Lowell Journal.*

A TAILOR'S SARCASTIC.—C. Bannister employed his tailor to make him a pair of serpel clothes, and sent him an old pair as a pattern. When the new ones came home, Charles complained that there was no fob. "I didn't think you wanted one," said Snip, "since I found the duplicate of your watch in your old pockets!"

LITTLE KNOWN.—When this actor lost his second lady in the stone, Tain Williamson said to her "I wish you joy on your wedding day, Madam, but I lament that you'll have but a *short sight.*"

SHERIDAN.—This celebrated wit once said to Erskine, "Ah, Tom, had I stuck to the law I might have been what you are; but, curse it, Mrs. S. or myself, refused to wear for our daily bread *the shoulder of mutton.*" "Ah" said Erskine, "I always heard your literature was a joint concern."

KEAN AND OGILBY.—Kean and Ogilby were, at one period, constant companions, and the following whimsical circumstance occurred, in consequence of their agreeing to take a morning ride, "to shake down the libations of the preceding night." They were on horseback, and, at Deptford, found that a company of comedians had issued their bill of fare. Kean thought they would fare better if they dined with him, and in consequence, Kean, Ogilby, and the corps dramatique dined together. During dinner, it was agreed by the metropolitans to journey as far as Gravesend; the horses were ordered, and Kean's horse turned round his head towards London, conserving, perhaps, that his master had been long enough in the country. Kean mounted, without observing what had occurred, and the two friends, galloped off in opposite directions, each prating himself on the superior speed of his horse. Kean declares he never discovered the mistake, until he arrived at his livery stables; and Ogilby found himself, next morning, at a small public house, five miles from Gravesend.

VULGAR ERRORS.

That leases are made for 999 years, because a lease for 1000 years would create a freehold.
That deeds executed on a Sunday are void.
That in order to disinherit an heir at law, it is necessary to give him a shilling by the will, for that otherwise he would be entitled to the whole of the property.
That a funeral passing over any place makes it a public highway.
That the body of a debtor may be taken in execution after his death.
That a man marrying a woman who is in debt, if he take her from the hands of the priest clothed only in her shift, will not be liable for her engagements.
That those who are born at sea belong to Stepney parish.
That second cousins may not marry, though first cousins may.
That a husband has the power of divorcing his wife by selling her in open market with a halter round her neck.
That a woman's marrying a man under the gallows will save him from execution.
That if a criminal has been hung and revives, he cannot afterwards be executed.
That the owners of asses are obliged to crop their ears, lest the length of them should frighten the horses.

During the reign of the feudal system amongst the Highlanders, the Laird of Grant had condemned one of his vassals to be hanged. When Donald came to the gallows, accompanied by Janet, his faithful wife, he seemed very reluctant to mount his ladder, and stood a long time below the fatal tree, shrugging his shoulders. "Hoot awa, Donald," said Janet, clapping her dear spouse's cheek, "gang up like a man, and please the laird." Donald could not resist such a powerful motive to obedience, but gallantly sprang to meet the reward of his loyalty.

PATOIS.—An obscure hotel at Paris, has inscribed in large letters over the door, "L'Hotel de Pouvres, et des Rois Dort."

PASSIONATE.—Friendship is a dangerous word for young ladies; it is love fall-fledged, and wanting for a little day to fly.

From the Portland Courier.

To Uncle Joshua Downing, Portsmouth, up in Downingville, in the State of Maine. This to be sent by my old friend, the editor of the Portland Courier, with care and speed.

PHILADELPHIA, June 16th, 1833.

DEAR UNCLE JOSHUA,—We are coming on full chisel.—I've been trying ever since we started to get a chance to write a little to you; but when we've been on the road I couldn't catch my breath hardly long enough to write my name, we kept flying so fast; and when we made any stops there was such a jam round us there wasn't elbow room enough for a squeezer to turn round without knocking his wings off.

I'm almost afraid now we shall get to Downingville before this letter does, and yet we shall be likely to catch you all in the sude before you think of it. But I understand there is a *fast* mail goes on that way, and I mean to send it by that, so I'm in hopes you'll get it time enough to have the children's faces washed and hands combed, and the gals get on their clean gowns. And if Sergeant Joel could have time enough to call out my old Downingville Company and get their uniforms brushed up a little, and come down the road as far as your new barn to meet us, there's nothing that would please the President better. As for victuals, want anything worst come amss; we are as hungry as bears after travelling a hundred miles a day. A little fried pork and eggs, or a pot of baked beans and an Indian pudding would suit us much better than the soft stuff they give us here in those great cities.

The President wouldn't mare enough you for any thing in the world, and he will go to Downingville if he has legs and arms enough left when he gets to Portland to carry him there. But for fear any thing should happen that he shouldn't be able to come, you had better meet us in Portland, say about the 22d, and then you can go up to Downingville with us, you know.

This travelling with the President is capital fun, all tell, if it wasn't so plaguy tiresome. We came into Baltimore on a Rail Road, and we flew over the ground like a heavy-arrow. There isn't in this country any thing that could keep up with us, if he should go upon the clean clip. When we got to Baltimore the streets were filled with folks as thick as the sprigs upon a barn door, or as mosquitoes. They hooraed and gave a little, old, dried up Indian kings. And I thought the folks looked at him and the prophet about as much as they did at me and the President. I gave the President the wink that the Indian fellows was taking the shine off us a little, so we concluded we wouldn't have him in our company any more and shall go without him.

I can't stop to tell you in this letter how we got along to Philadelphia, though we had a pretty easy time some of the way in the steamboats. And I can't stop to tell you half the fine things I have seen here. They took us up into a great hall this morning as big as a meeting house, and then the folks began to pour in by thousands to shake hands with the President; federalists and all, it made no difference. There was such a stream of 'em coming in that the room was full in a few minutes, and it was jam jammed round the door that they couldn't get out again if they were to die. So they had to knock out some of the windows and get out that way.

The President shook hands with all his might an hour or two, till he got so tired he couldn't hardly stand it. I took hold and shook for him once in a while to help him out, but it kept him so bent to bend to lay down on a soft bench covered with cloth and shake as well as he could and when he couldn't he'd nod to 'em as they come along. And at last he got so bent that he couldn't stop straight to shake hands and wink. Then they concluded that it was best to adjourn for to-day.

And I've made out to get away up into the garret in the seven hundred to write this letter. We shall be off to-morrow or next day for New York, and if I can possibly get breathing time enough there, I shall write to you again.

Give our love to all the folks in Downingville, and believe me your loving neffe.

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

A GOOD EX.—At one of the fashionable hotels in Boston, lately, a guest from the Granite State, who had sat down by a gentleman (for the house) named Smith, deliberately made application to Mr. Smith's bottle of wine. The waiter checked him by telling him it was private property. Shortly after a pie came into the same vicinity, when the guest very innocently asked, "Is that Mr. Smith's pie?"

OLDEN TIMES. In the reign of Henry VIII. Sir A. Fitzherbert, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, wrote a Treatise entitled the "Rock of Husbandry," from which the following is extracted:

"It is a wives occupation to wynowe all manner of cornes, to make malte, to wrake, and wringe, to make pyes, dyghe, brewe, bake, sethe, and do all manner of thynges to fill the much hayne or dung cart, drive the ploughe, to lead hepe, corne and such other. And to go to ryde to the market and sel butter, chese, milk, egge, chickyns, capons, heerves, pyggys, geese, and all manner of cornes."

Ladies of eighteen hundred and thirty-three! what do you think of this? Was not the learned judge a hardhearted old wretch, to burden the gentle sex with labors almost herculean? As old Time passes on, he brings his changes—many of them, we believe, have been highly favorable to the comfort, if not to the well-being of the ladies.—*Baltimore Visiter.*

A FEW THINGS I LIKE, AND A FEW I DON'T LIKE.—A poor family with a fat dog and poor pig I do not like to see.

I like to see more cows than horses on most farms.

I do not like to see children running to the store with a pock of corn, to purchase snuff.

I like to see people, when going to church, drive their horses moderately, as becomes the day and occasion, and not John-like, throwing mud several feet around, and alarming women and children, causing them to flee out of the highway for safety.

I do not like to see them select the best path for their horse and drive those on foot into the water and mud.

I like to see the congregation seated in church by the time bell ceases to toll.

I do not like to see people enter after that time. [*Rosamond*] It excites the attention of many, more than the services; and as their necks are not so flexible as an owl's, there is danger of injuring that important part.]

I like to see people as attentive throughout the sermon as they are while the text is being pronounced

I do not like to see people, especially those who should *lead* the way to heaven, *sleep at meeting.*

CHRONOLOGICAL ANECDOTES.

[*Extracted from Anderson's History of the rise and progress of Commerce.*]

In the year 1208, London's first free charter for electing their own magistrates was obtained.
1212 London Bridge was built of stone—then a novelty.
1213 Straw was used for the King's bed.
1246 Most of the houses in London were covered with thatch.
1266 Cities and boroughs were first represented in Parliament.
1299 Spectacles and windmills were invented.
1300 The convenience of chimnies was not known; families used to dress round a stove in the smoky house—wine was then sold by apothecaries as a cordial—houses were all of wood, and it was reckoned a kind of luxury to ride in a two-wheel cart.
1302 The mariner's compass invented, by which a voyage would be made in three months, which before took up three years.
1340 The *Parliament* grants to the king were then in kind, and 20,000 sacks of wool was this year's grant.
1344 Gold first coined in England.
1357 Coals first exported from Newcastle to London.
1405 Great Guns first used in England at the siege of Berwick.
1417 Paper, made of linen rags, invented.
1505 The first shilling coined in England.
1509 No salads in England, carrots, turnips, and cabbage were imported from the Netherlands.
1543 Pins first made in England, before which latter used skewers.
1561 Queen Elizabeth wore the first pair of silk stockings in England.
1577 Watches first brought into England from Germany.

PROVERBS

A better jest is the poison of friendship.
Bear your misfortunes with fortitude.
Cheerfulness is perfectly consistent with piety.
Defer not what thou meanest to give.
Entertain charity, and seek peace with all men.
Favourites are commonly unfortunate.
Idleness is the parent of want and shame.
Judge not of men or things at first sight.
Knowledge is the treasure of the mind.
Learning refines and elevates the mind.
Make no friendship with an envious man.
Never speak to deceive, nor listen to betray.
Of all studies, study your present condition.
Party factions are the bane of society.
Quack landlords make careful tenants.
Rents not the pillars of a fair name.
Scandal will rub out, like dirt, when it is dry.
That which oppones right must be wrong.
Underhand practices fail in the end.
Value a good conscience more than praise.
We lessen our wants by lessening our desires.

From the New York Traveller.

CROSS READINGS.

Mr. Ochaldleton lately killed at one shot—the three beautiful regiments of Cold-stream Guards—five churches, two hospitals, two colleges—with other items of even less importance.

Seven Pirates were hanged last week,—after the ceremony—they all sat down to supper.

At a late meeting at Troy the members of Temperance confined themselves exclusively to Irish whiskey, and Jamaica Rum of superior quality.

Six or seven married and rather elderly gentlemen—were then sold by auction for six cents a head—their ladies it appears had no further use for them.

The last king was so fond of his horse Hector—that he gave him his only daughter in marriage.

The day after Fonticroy was hanged in London—we met him in company with a lady in Paris,—apparently much refreshed after his pottery.

A swindler was lately apprehended in Boston,—and in consequence of his integrity and virtue—sentenced to be whipped, through the market place—until perfectly restored to health and appetite.

Previous to Buonaparte's marching to Russia—he kept a little milliner's shop in Strand street,—where he was soon raised to the peerage for his industry in selling stewed tripes and cowheels on Sundays.

N. P. Willis leaves France for Italy—with Trinity Church Yard and the corporation—besides other trifling items in his pocket book.

From the Portland Advertiser.

YANKEE MANAGEMENT.

Our Southern brethren are perplexed to know how it is, that they with rich land, a warm sun, and simple productions, giving an income of from four to twenty per cent. are becoming poor and embarrassed, while the Yankees are becoming rich, and are having money, if not in abundance, at least so much as is necessary. If they would come among us, and study our economy, the answer would soon strike them. One little instance is no bad example of that Yankee economy and skill that turns all things, even the worst, to advantage.

It may not be generally known that in many parts of our State, our schoolmasters are not only "boarded round," so as to save the drawing the pay of the schoolmaster's board from the school fund—that is, the schoolmaster is boarded a week here and three days there, according to the number of children—but that the schoolmaster is often "bid off" or "put up at auction," as are our paupers—and the lowest bidder in the district takes him, as the highest bidder takes an article at a regular auction.

The writer of this article, when preparing to be a college boy, being short of funds, and with no other means of defraying expenses than by keeping school, hired out as a schoolmaster for ten dollars a month. This was all the school district could well afford to give, as their fund was small, and even with this small sum given, it was necessary to board the schoolmaster as cheap as possible. The school committee, therefore, called the district together, into a new, neat, convenient and comfortable schoolhouse, and in his presence, a scene of this sort took place.

Auctioneer.—"What will you take him for?"

1st Bidder.—"One dollar and twenty-five cents a week."

Auctioneer.—"One dollar twenty-five, one dollar twenty-five."

2d Bidder.—"One dollar twelve cents and a half"

3d Bidder.—"One dollar."

Auctioneer.—"One dollar, who'll take him for less than a dollar? One dollar, one dollar, any body less? Who speaks."

4th Bidder.—"Seventy-five cents."

5th Bidder.—"Seventy cents."

And thus the bids went on, the auctioneer exclaiming as usual in the mean time, till the schoolmaster was bidd down to forty cents per week, when the bidder took him to board for forty cents per week. On going home with this bidder, a sociable, happy man, whose house had more comforts and luxuries than nine hundred of the lords of the soil in the interior of the Southern country, and whose table was as good as many air down at, paying fourteen dollars a week for board, the writer held the following dialogue:

"How on earth can you afford to board me for forty cents a week?"

Ans.—"I make money by it, and have your company in the bargain."

"How so?"

Ans.—"Why, you will board with me fourteen weeks. The whole pay for board will be $56 00. My share is a little over six dollars. Now, I have bread enough, meat enough, poultry enough, cider enough, in short, enough and more than a enough of every thing necessary to eat and drink. I have enough of every thing but money. All I want of money is to pay my taxes. But, in order to raise these six dollars, if I do not get a town order for your board, I must make a journey to Portland, or to Boston, and sell the produce you will eat, and from all this I find it difficult to raise six dollars in cash. Therefore I make money in keeping you to eat this produce, and have your company, these long winter evenings, in the bargain. Then you see, I am interested at boarding you at forty cents per week."

Now, we give this to all our Southern brethren, as a specimen of the manner in which we Yankees live, and thrive. Let them do likewise, and their country will be the richest and the happiest on the globe. Here we are shivering in summer, with corn but three inches high in the zenit, while they are enjoying the blessings of mid-summer, and have corn almost ready for the harvest.

From the Traveller and Times.

YOU MUST EXCUSE ME; IT'S MY WAY.

Dining at the York hotel, where a numerous party were assembled, R—, a gentleman, called the several of his brothers of the sock and buskin grouped themselves towards the end of the table.

This arrangement was quickly perceived by one of the acrimonious critics, who talked by name, who are the pest of all public companies, indeed of all companies it to which they can get admission. Fellows with no more brains than a squeezed turnip, and who gabble monstrously.

Now this fellow, who yielded neither in folly nor assurance to any of his taste, no sooner perceived the arrangement, than he determined [though utterly unknown] to make one of the party. He, in his turn, succeeded, was politely received, and all went on well till the fruit came on the table.

He then preluded a discourse, with which it was his evident intention to astonish, if not to enchant his auditors, by one or two gross remarks upon actors in general. Against this violation of decorum R— remonstrated, but in the mildest terms—The remonstrance, however, seemed to take effect. He was quiet for a time, and Sam, who is known to be one of the best dinner companions in England, began as usual to play the first fiddle.

Indeed, with regard to the convivial talents of R— we are not surprised he sat still for some hours, when the small beer began to pinch, out flew the cork, and the explosion took place. Leaving some in the table, in tones by no means modulated, to the purpose of privacy, our would-be thus addressed R—

"By God, Mr. R—, you are one of the most fastidious—most agreeable companions I ever met with in my life. (R—bowed; the roons became silent.) How is it then that so clever a man can be such a damned stupid actor (attention became intense) Excuse me; it's my way. But you are without exception, I think, the worst actor I ever saw. You must excuse me; it's my way. There's your famous Jerry Sneak; 'tis no more like Jerry Sneak than it is like me. I tell you my mind freely. But you must excuse me; it's my way."

Thus he went on for a long time, interlarding his comments with "you must excuse me; it's my way," until those present began to suspect Sam intended to play Jerry in real life. It is true the critic was one of the six-footer; but Sam was thought to be a man who never suffered the threat of misery to an antagonist. At length, the discourse being ended, Sam called for his hat, and having filled it with the nut-shells he could obtain without leaving his seat, he addressed the self-created critic, thus: "Pray, Sir, would you be pleased to let me have your nut-shells." "These were accorded, when Sam finding his hat heaped, placed it on the table. Then taking one of the shells between his finger and thumb, he deliberately knocked off the critic's nose, where it took immediate effect. This was followed by eight or ten more, in such rapid succession, as to preclude for the moment, the possibility of a response—accompanied, however, by the shower, which Sam never allowed for an instant to cease, the fellow roared out, "sidesh, Sir, you are pelting me with your nut-shells." "He! he! I know it am," says R— "But you must excuse me; it is my way." The critic now rose from his chair, and got into the centre of the room, followed by R—, still keeping up a close and well directed fire, as our antagonist retreated. At length